

to himself. Suppose the master of the garden were now to come and call me to account, what would become of me? I see my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself." He did so with great reluctance, and after suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the scene of his late pleasure and said: "O garden! thou art indeed charming, and delightful are thy fruits—delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not as lean as I was before?" It is even so with man, remarks the Talmudist. Naked he comes into the world, naked must he go out of it; and of all his toils and labor he can carry nothing with him save the fruits of his righteousness.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

The poor coal-heaver was dead; and when his widow paid for his coffin, and the doctor's and grocer's bill, she had just forty-three cents left, and that was all. "And now what I am to do, the Lord only knows," said she. "And he does know, doesn't he?" asked Hatty, her oldest little girl; "he knows everything." "Yes, child," said the sorrowful woman; "and he'll show me, I make no doubt, though I'm apt to be mistrustful."

They were sitting in their little kitchen, and the evening shades were coming on, when a man walked gently in. It was the overseer of the weaving room in the big mill. "Well," he said in a friendly tone to the poor widow, "I reckon you've not much heart to work, but for your poor young ones sake. They must have houseroom and bread. One of the weavers is going away, and I thought I'd offer her place to you; you used to be good at the loom."

Tears filled the widow's eyes. "The Lord has sent you, I have no doubt," she answered; "but who will take care of the baby and Hatty while I'm in the mill, I wonder?" "Mother," said the little girl, "I'll take care of baby, and myself too. I'll be mother to us both."

"Can you mother yourself, Hatty?"

ask the overseer, smiling. "I'll try," said Hatty. "I am almost afraid to leave you so much alone," said the widow. "Won't our heavenly Father take care of us?" asked the child. "Can't we be his little sparrows?" "Yes, Hatty, yes," said her mother; "you trust God better than I do."

"Come to the mill to-morrow morning," said the man, getting up to go. So the next morning she went early to spend the long day among the spindles, leaving her little home in charge of Hatty.

Hatty was only eight and a half, but she was a stout little thing, with strong arms and a loving heart. "Now I'm mother," she said to herself, "and I must behave myself accordingly." For a few days, while being mother was a new thing, she got along nicely, but the baby grew restless, and poor Hatty was sometimes at her wits' end to keep him in good-humor. She used to get her playthings, until the room looked as if Disorder were its mistress; but when he was asleep, she put everything in its place, for Hatty had a place for every thing, and everything kept in its place when it was possible. "Do you not sometimes get out of patience, Hatty?" "Sometimes I feel tired," she said; "but when I put him in the cradle, and rock him to sleep, I get rested; he looks so sweet and I love him so."

Once she had a visitor that frightened her, a strange woman, who came in to rest herself, and she asked Hatty what she would sell her baby for. "Sell him!" cried Hatty; "the whole world and the moon and the skies could not buy him; nobody should have him—nobody, at least," she said, "but God;" for she thought how her father and her little twin sister had gone to God, and she supposed God had a right to them.

This little girl fulfilled the duties of her small sphere so well, that the neighbors gave her the name of "Faithful Hatty;" and by that name she was called.

Christ will knock at the door of your heart, but he will not come in without an invitation.

You will not make any growth in grace unless you have a good case of salvation to begin with.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

A Christian man in a Western city resolved that he would never allow a day to pass without speaking to some one on the subject of personal salvation. He was returning home late one evening, burdened with the thought that the day had gone by, and no one had been invited to Christ. He saw a man leaning against a lamp-post, put his hand gently on the shoulder of the stranger, and said, "May I ask you if you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The stranger resented the freedom, and replied curtly, that was a personal matter in which nobody else had any concern. But the Christian replied kindly, that they were fellow-travelers to another world, and one could not be indifferent whether others had a good hope of entering heaven. After a few more words had passed between them, they parted, the Christian fearing that he had given offence, but carrying the matter to the closet for earnest prayer. Three months after, just as he had retired for the night, a knock was heard at the door. He inquired what was wanted, and a gentleman replied he would like to see him. On opening the door, he recognized the stranger met at the lamp-post. The latter grasped him convulsively by the hand, and said, "The question you put to me, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' has been ringing ever since in my ear; and I have come to ask you what I must do to be saved." They prayed and talked together, and in a few days the stranger was rejoicing in hope of pardon. He became an earnest and devoted Christian.

The faith that comes from God will roll every opposing mountain out of the way to get back to him.

The greatest duty every father owes to his children is to walk where it will be safe for them to follow.

The wages of sin is death, no matter how high may be the station or social position of those who engage in it.

God is always looking for a better place in which to put the man whom he can trust.

No one can look at the stars without wanting to live forever.